

### "Launching the Marriage Ship"

THE FRAGMENT

By Zoe Beckley.

But it seems that people of importance do not discuss business secrets before strangers, and Fred was disappointed to find that Mr. Stolyard left almost immediately. The man was driven away virtually by Hanna Fuller's coldness, answering him monosyllabically and shutting him tacitly from her conversation with Fred.

She even seemed slightly dispirited on the drive back, talking little until they had almost reached Cleopatra Court. Then her remarks were as though she were thinking aloud.

"It seems to pattern itself," her tone was gentle, almost wistful, "on a sort of coquette dance, doesn't it, Mr. Dale?" A pursued and wooed by her, but himself courts C. by whom she is scorned in favor of D. And so it goes.

Give me a bit more time to make up my mind about Gypsy, won't you? Jim Stolyard is buying over a new make of car and wants me to—

She stopped abruptly, as though realizing she spoke too freely, bade Fred a sincere "Thank you—and good night!" and went up quickly to her apartment.

Fred's mind kept running on her cryptic utterance about Stolyard's buying in "a new make of car," on his brief meeting with the big man himself, and on the persistent rumor of expansion on the part of the Stolyard interests.

He drove the demonstration car to his garage, telephoned Connie that they'd dine at a wonderful French restaurant he'd heard of, and over the week-end almost forgot the circumstances of the Saturday.

But by noon on Monday it returned with the vividness of a lightning flash. He had noted a lot of excited whispering among the salesmen in the Row and soon found the excitement centering on him. Watkins, one of the bright lights of the selling staff, took him to lunch. Watkins seemed elaborately subtle, asked a lot of questions, especially about his prospects of selling Mrs. Fuller a



He Took from His Wallet What Seemed to Be a Scrap of Paper.

Gypsy. Finally Fred blurted asked: "Come on, son, tip me. What's in the air?"

Watkins hesitated. Then, hitching his chair closer, took from his wallet what seemed to be a scrap of letter, passing it to Fred to read.

"Greater test can a woman ask than that a man should share valuable secrets?"

On the reverse side was the conclusion of the letter:

"—quietly buy us Barringer Motor and at the right moment incorporate it in my own outfit. Destroy this letter—but I pray you, Hanna, not my hopes—J. S."

"Now, Dale," confided Watkins, "the garage man found this bit of letter in the Gypsy you drove Mrs. Fuller in. Gave it to the bunch to read, and they're all steamed up about what looks an inside market tip. If you can help us find out who 'J. S.' is there's a young fortune in it for us all."

(To Be Continued.)

### ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON



They climbed on Comet-Legs' Star and soared away.

Light fingers and Comet-Legs were after Nancy and Nick, and Nancy and Nick, you must know, were like to be caught. They were in the Fairy Queen's automobile and were stuck in a muddy ditch beside the road.

But the Green Wizard saw the danger and just as the two bad fairies reached the car he threw an enchanted sheet over the Twins, automobile and all, and they became invisible at once.

"For goodness sake!" cried Light-Fingers. "I must be going blind. Tell me, Comet-Legs, did I or did I not see the magic automobile with the Twins in it?"

"You did," declared Comet-Legs, "for I saw it myself. But I don't see it now. Something must have happened. Now, what do you suppose it was?"

The two bad fairies wondered and wondered, but that's all the good it did them.

By and by they wandered off, then they climbed on Comet-Legs' star again and sailed away to tell Twelve Toes the bad news.

When they had gone the Green Wizard took off the enchanted sheet and there were Nancy and Nick in plain view again.

"Oh, thank you," said Nancy. "Now we can take the automobile back to the Fairy Queen."

"Not yet," answered the Green Wizard. "You are stuck in magic mud and I don't know any charm that will get you out. I'll have to go to the Chimney Sweep and get some ashes and soot to sprinkle 'round. You stay here until I come back."

So off he strode over the tree-tops to the place the Sweep lived.

Knock, knock, knock, went the Green Wizard on a big chimney, and the Sweep stuck out his head.

"Howdy," said he, "what can I do for you?"

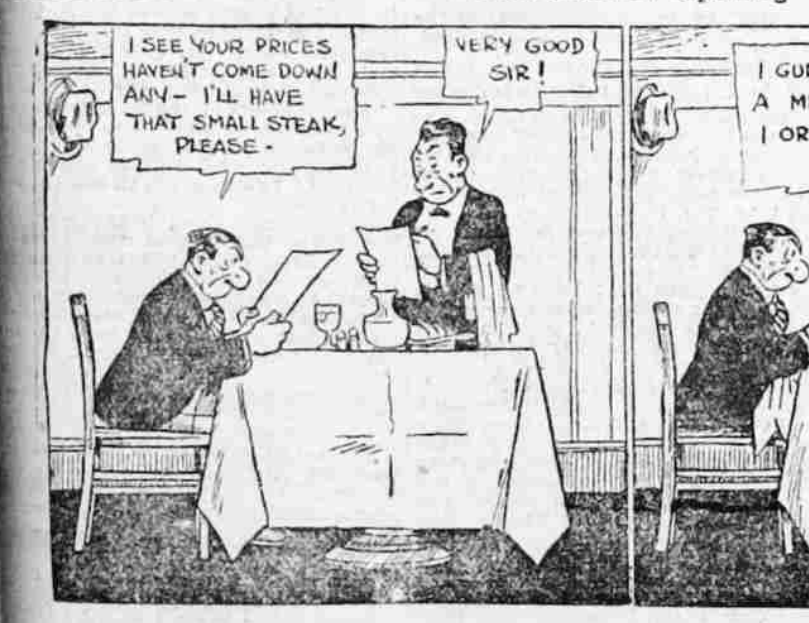
(To Be Continued.)

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### THE DUFFS

Tom Gets an Opening

BY ALLMAN



I SEE YOUR PRICES HAVEN'T COME DOWN ANY—I'LL HAVE THAT SMALL STEAK, PLEASE.

VERY GOOD, SIR!

I GUESS I MADE A MISTAKE WHEN I ORDERED A SMALL STEAK!

LET ME HAVE A CHECK, PLEASE.

YES, SIR—HOW DID YOU FIND YOUR STEAK, SIR?

HOW DID I FIND IT? I HAPPENED TO MOVE THAT LITTLE PIECE OF POTATO AND THERE IT WAS.

### YOUR HEALTH

BY DR. R. H. BISHOP.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY.

By Dr. R. H. Bishop.

If you worry about being healthy, the chances are you won't be. Don't make hard work of it. Lay down certain rules and follow them the best you can until you get used to it.

The mind has a strong effect on the health of the body.

If you have a fit of anger, or a spell of worry, or hate, or envy, you will be more fatigued than as if you had done a good day's work.

If you do physical work all day long, read at night or play cards, to work the mind, if you work in an office during the day, you will need physical exercise at night.

In choosing your foods, don't always choose the soft ones. Hard foods, such as crust, toast, hard fruits and nuts make you use your teeth. This keeps them from decaying.

If you build up your body, your chances of "catching" disease will be at a minimum.

Here are several rules that will help to keep your health good:

Have fresh air where you live and work, breathe deeply, avoid eating too much, eat slowly, stand, sit and rest, too, and be cheerful and learn not to worry.

### AN EDITORIAL BY FLORENCE DAVIES

TRUE POSSESSIONS

A woman who had moved to the country from the heart of New York wrote back to her city friend: "But I miss the flowers."

"Flowers? Flowers! What flowers in New York crowded streets?" asked the amazed friend.

"Why, the flowers in the shop windows," she explained. "I could walk a block or two and feast my eyes on some florist's window. They are always there the year around, always where I could see them, and they belonged to me as much as to anybody. It may seem odd that the women in the country should yearn for the flowers of the city, she could see so many fair blossoms in florist's windows all the year around belonging to her as much as to anybody is the real clue to her joy in seeing them. They were her spiritual possessions. For it is perfectly true that there are beautiful things that belong as much to the poorest citizen as to the millionaire. And there are city things that are yours no less than are the beauties of sky and sea and lake, over which poets have raved through all the ages. The blossoms in the shop windows are for all who love blooms. But for the lover of line and form and color and symmetry there are cathedrals and great piles of architecture devoted to amusement, or art, or music, or whatever. These, too, are yours to enjoy, without money and without price. As outpourings of the spirit and aspiration of man they are monuments to your ideal of beauty as much as they are anything else.

So, in addition to the joys of city life—the opportunities for entertainment and education, its libraries, its art galleries, its society, there is just the city itself, its buildings, its pavements and bridges and lights and flags, and as the woman who moved to the country said, its florist's windows.

For, after all, though you may be never so well able to buy diamonds and autos and furs, the only things that really belong to you are the things that you are big enough to love and appreciate in their true proportions, not the things that you can pay money for.

### If You Are Well Bred

You do not bring a guest to a dinner party, dance or any function to which invitations have been issued without getting permission from your hostess.

If, however, her plans are already made and she cannot include another guest, you bear no resentment if she refuses. Such a course is not unusual.

### A THOUGHT A DAY

And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, 'Who shall I send and who will go for us?' Then said I: Here am I; send me.—Isaiah 6:8.

No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man walk pale, therefore, because of opposition.—John Neale.

### TIMBALES

BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH

Cooking Authority for NEA Service and Columbia University.

Occasionally one wishes to make a dish for supper or luncheon and finds that she has no meat or fish with which to make a croquette or timbale.

The following recipe will make a good timbale which will turn out, and by adding cheese to the sauce the fuel value of the dish will be considerable.

This quantity will make four timbales, measuring one-half cupful, or six measuring one-third cupful:

1 1/2 cups soft, stale bread crumbs, 3 tablespoons butter or bacon fat, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon celery salt, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon paprika, 1/8 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon fine cut parsley, 2 eggs.

Cook the onion in the butter or bacon fat until yellow. Add bread crumbs and cook one minute. Add milk and cook until a paste is formed.

Then add seasonings and eggs slightly beaten. Turn in well-buttered molds and set molds in a pan half filled with hot water.

Bake in a moderate oven until firm, or until when a sharp-pointed knife is run into the center of the timbales none of the mixture clings to knife.

Serve with the following sauce:

2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon catsup, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped pickle.

Make as usual, by melting butter, adding flour, and when thoroughly blended adding milk and seasonings. Cook until thick and smooth.

If cheese is desired use one-half cup grated cheese.

(Cut this out and paste it in your cook book)

### Dorothy Dix Talks

LOVE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

A young man is in love with two girls, and for the life of him he can't decide which one he cares for most. They appeal to him in different ways, and he desires to know if I think it possible for a man to love more than one woman at a time.

Surely, son. And more than two. Same way with women. The one love man or woman is as much of a freak of nature as the one-sided person.

This is bound to be the case until men and women attain a state of physical and mental perfection that they are far from possessing now. For one individual bunches in his or her person all the charms and graces that we admire. Therefore, one individual appeals to us in one way, and another charms us in another way, and which we find the most entrancing is often a difficult problem to decide.

When we are with Susan or John, and under her or his spell, we think that she or he is the Only One. But when we are with Mary or Tom we experience precisely the same sensation, and so it keeps us with our fingers on our pulses, counting our heart beats, and trying to analyze our thrills, and guess which is which.

A man may find, for instance, that beauty draws him with a single hair, and he may be captured by a pretty face. His waking house and his dreams are haunted by violet eyes, and the curve of a soft chin. He feels that he would never weary of gazing on that lovable figure, and watching the rose deepen on that alabaster cheek. If all that he asked of a wife was just to be a living picture, he could hang up the "Taken" card on the front door of his heart, and let it go at that.

But, as much as he worships beauty, a man cannot feed his soul on looks alone, and there are times when he is forced to admit that the mental pulsation seeded by his fair beauty love, the man turns to his intellectual love.

This is some woman who reads, and thinks, who has understanding and sympathy, and tenderness, who feels that he would never weary of gazing on the point of a good story or the fly who can enter into a man's plans, and help him and inspire him, and who thinks so little of herself that she can flatter him with her admiration.

Without her the man would be lonely and bereft, indeed, of real comradeship, and yet there are times when he no more wants to discuss the soul than he does to gaze upon beauty. He would not marry a playmate, somebody who is frivolous and jolly, and perhaps lawless, and not over-refined, somebody whom the women of his own family probably would not consider "nice."

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### Ironized Yeast Brings Marvelous Beauty to Skin

Science Now Proves How Complexion is Quickly Beautified Through the Blood

There is nothing in the world today which is producing such a sensation as this simple discovery! Pick out anyone who has healthy rosy cheeks and a ravine beautiful complexion, and you have picked out an individual whose blood

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### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



### SAMMY JAY GIVES MISCHIEVOUS ADVICE

By Thornton W. Burgess.

Alas! More often than it should. Desire makes advice seem good.—Old Mother Nature.

Sammy Jay is a blue-coated jimp of mischief. You air, he is just this. He is never happier than when he is plotting mischief. So when he discovered that the young Fox who had started out to make his own way in the Great World really didn't know what a rooster was, he couldn't let the opportunity for mischief pass. When he could stop laughing at the idea of any Fox not knowing what a rooster was he flew down a little nearer to the young Fox.

"Excuse me, Master Fox," said he. "Excuse me for laughing at you. I don't blame you for being angry. I shouldn't have laughed at you. It seems to me as funny what you told should ask what a rooster is. But of course I shouldn't have expected a young Fox to know what a rooster is if he has never tasted—I mean seen—one."

At this seeming slip of Sammy's tongue the young Fox pricked up his ears. "Do you mean that roosters are good to eat?" he demanded.

"I've never tasted one," said Sammy, "so I cannot say. But I've always understood that among Foxes they are considered the finest eating in all the Great World."

Just then the young rooster over in Farmer Brown's henyard crowed again. The young Fox listened eagerly. "I wish," said he, "that rooster would come over here, that I might eat him."

"I don't think he will," said Sammy Jay. "He's sharp-eyed. He'll see you. You don't go over there where he is."

"My mother told me to always keep away from that place," replied the young Fox. "She said that there is a danger for young Foxes over there."

Sammy Jay nodded his head. "Of course Mother Fox knows best," he said. "And the young who heed the advice of their elders are wise. But perhaps she didn't know that there are young roosters over there. I am sure she wouldn't want one of her children to miss a chance to get a young rooster. Besides, what danger is there? The rooster is just a young bird, and he has not started out in the Great World. Now you are big enough to take care of yourself, or she never would have let you start out alone. Of course there may be danger, but there but then there is danger every-

"Excuse me, Master Fox," said he. "Excuse me for laughing at you."

where. Such a smart young Fox as you should be able to take care of himself anywhere."

The young Fox was flattered and he showed it. He tried to look very important and very sure of himself. Again the young rooster crowed. "Listen to him!" said Sammy Jay. "He thinks there is no one in the Great World as smart as he is. He is boasting. He is trying to show off before the birds."

The young Fox looked up quickly. "Hens!" he exclaimed. "What are hens?"

Sammy Jay nearly choked, trying not to laugh. "They are relatives of him," he said. "Why don't you run over there and see for yourself what they are like? It won't take you but a few moments and you won't have to stay. It is a shame that there should be a young Fox who knows nothing about hens and roosters. If I were you I would go over and see them so as not to be laughed at again for ignorance. You know, there is nothing gained without some risk, and the one who refuses to take any will never get on very far in the Great World."

"I'm not afraid," said the young Fox. "I simply don't want to do anything foolish."

And all the time the young Fox was doing the most foolish thing in the world; he was listening to the advice of one of whom he knew almost nothing.

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### THE STEEPLE-JACK

By Burton Traylor.

The Steeple-Jack has lots of fun. He gets the air, he gets the sun. And when he's perched upon a steeple, he can look down on other people. But though upraised above the mob, The Steeple-Jack is not a snob.

Of money, he is seldom shy. For, like his work, his pay is high. No Steeple-Jack can you accuse Of narrowness, for all his views Are broad. He sees much farther than Most any ordinary man. Thus, while so loftily he swings, He overlooks the little things.

He always is, it would appear, Right at the height of his career. Or one might say, with more discretion, Up at the top of his profession. And as his duties may require, He goes up high to earn his hire. Enough of puns like this, I know. This form of wit is rather low. (Copyright, 1922, NEA Service.)

### WHEN THINGS ARE WORN.

To mend a hole in an umbrella, take a small piece of black sticking plaster and soak till quite soft. This is better than tanning.

Make babies' booties from the tops of old kid gloves, using as a pattern an old worn out bootie, which is easily ripped. Pieces of poplin, velvet and flannel can also be used.

Save flour sacks, bleach and sew together, then dye them any color desired. They make excellent purses.

If your ice man has small holes in it, enamel it inside and out. Tack when that dries, go over it twice again, letting it dry each time. It will be as good as new and show no sign of leaking.—From the October Designer.

### CALLERS ARE SET FISH.

A busy man is telling me recently that whenever anyone came to see him and inquired if he were busy he invariably replied, no matter how busy he was:

"No, not at all. What can I do for you?"

His idea was that courtesy required him thus to put the caller at ease. Visitors stayed too long and recently this man tried the experiment of replying, when asked if he is busy:

"Yes, I am pretty busy, but I can give you a moment or two. What is it?"

But his callers stay exactly the same length of time he says, that they used to stay when he said he wasn't busy. In other words, most callers are selfish and stay as long as they want to, unless compelled to go sooner.—Fred Kelly in The National Business.

### Sun-Maid Raisins

Use more raisins with your foods and get more energy. Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutrient per pound. Rich in food-iron also. A prime fruit-food that everybody would be better for.

Serve stewed as a morning dish. Use in puddings, cake and pies. Let the children have them with oatmeal.

Sun-Maid Raisins should cost you no more than the following prices:

Seeded (in 15 oz. blue pkg.)—20c  
Seedless (in 15 oz. red pkg.)—18c  
Seeded and Seedless (11 oz.)—15c

### PIMPLES ON FACE ITCHED BADLY

Also On Chest. Face Disfigured. Cuticura Heals.

"My face and chest were terribly affected with pimples and blackheads. The pimples were hard, large, and red, and festered and swelled over. They itched and burned so badly that I could not keep from scratching, and I lost my rest at night. My face was terribly disfigured. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after the first week I could see an improvement, and after using three boxes of Ointment, together with the Soap, I was healed." (Signed) Miss Mary A. Mick, R. F. D. 1, Box 195, Sherwood, Ore.

Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes. Sample Each Free. Write for Cuticura Literature. Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Cuticura. Sealed without msg.

### YACHT CLUB

new style

### Salad Dressing

a finer flavor you never taste

### MURINE You Cannot Buy New Eyes

FOR YOUR EYES. But you can Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition. Use Murine Eye Remedy. (Night and Morning.) Keep your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago.